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and other South Viet Nam NFL Missions in foreign countries

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Spring fresh buds

Nixon on the track to his doom

It is now exactly one year since Richard Nixon came into office, during which time he has never departed from his path of criminal war and met with ever heavier failures.

Not that the US President is ignorant of the fact that he entered the White House after successfully playing upon the weariness of the American people for the war-promoting administration of Mr. Johnson.

Yet, all along the first year of his office, Mr. Nixon has continually pushed up the war in South Viet Nam, making the prospects for peace now more remote than ever. In the past-year, in South Viet Nam there has been a continual prosecution of the terror operations, the number of sorties of aircraft of all kinds has multiplied monthly, while the area doused with toxic chemicals in high concentration has continued to expand, and more mass slayings of the Son My type have occurred...

Faced with the naked cruelty and war intensification acts of Nixon, the South Vietnamese people have fought back resolutely and the result, as might be anticipated, is that the death knell continued to ring ever louder in the White House as the casualty rate of the American troops continued to climb instead of being "kept down" as Nixon has piously hoped for.

Nixon has drawn many bright pictures since he launched his "Vietnamization of the war" program.

However, as the US magazine "International Herald Tribune" noted on November 8, 1969: "Mr Nixon's Vietnamisation of the war policy is based on the assumption that the present Saigon government would grow stronger while the adversary continues to weaken and melt away. This hypothesis has been proven false on more than one occasion."

Nixon is stubbornly nurturing the dream of "Vietnamizing" the war, ballyhoing the progress of this program with a view to appeasing American opinion and also to easing up the financial pressure created by the burdensome war machine. To give substance to this imaginary "progress", Nixon decided to pull out some American units. He hoped thereby to demonstrate his "good will" for peace.

However, the American people and the people of the whole world have not let themselves be duped. Over the last year they have waged a resolute struggle to demand Nixon to end the aggressive war, withdraw all and without condition the American troops and troops of US satellites from South Viet Nam so that the internal affairs of South Viet Nam be settled by the South Vietnamese people themselves without foreign intervention.

It is public knowledge that Vietnamisation of the war, as conceived by Nixon, means to continue the war of aggression and drag on the US military occupation of South Viet Nam in the form of a neo-colony. US Senator Mc Govern has declared that "instead of Vietnamizing the war, let us first seek to Vietnamize the South Viet Nam (puppet) "government" of the warlike, rotten Thieu-Ky-Khiem junta set up by the US itself to serve as a tool and kept in power by US dollars and weapons. Nixon obstinately sticks to this set of hired soldier while the population of South Viet Nam towns and cities are waging an unremitting struggle to overthrow them and establish a peace-restoring cabinet. Due to the US acts of war intensification and stubborn attitude in the settlement of the South Viet Nam problem, the Paris Conference on Viet Nam could not yet move off dead centre after more than fifty sessions.

Nixon's records in the past year, if any, consist in taxing his mind to prepare high-sounding speeches coined in vague terms designed to fool public opinion as he did in his State of the Union message on January 24. Such displays of rhetoric aimed at playing upon the national sentiments of the American people, inciting them with such deceptions as "a simple withdrawal means a US surrender", "the Vietnamese cannot humiliate America" or "we are prepared to withdraw in honour", and the like.

Denis W. Brogan, Professor of Politics at the Cambridge University, remarked that all the honour and prestige that the US may lose has been lost. And sober-minded people in the American political circles unanimously hold that should the US withdraw its troops totally from South Viet Nam, and end the dirty war, Washington will be able to regain its prestige, restore the psychological balance, ease up the deep split in the American policy, put the American economy on the right track again by diverting the huge sums allocated to the Viet Nam war to the domestic needs. By so doing, it will also relieve hundreds of thousands of American families of the anguish of war. And naturally, all questions concerning the relations between South Viet Nan and the United States will also be satisfactorily solved, one by one.

Should Nixon refuse to heed reason and plunge headlong in his criminal venture, he would certainly meet with an even more ignominious failure than Johnson did. And it is also safe to say that the American people could not reconcile themselves to be ruled by a President who, in one year of his office, has only prosecuted the war, increased their suffering and thrown the American society into greater chaos.

For their part, the South Vietnamese people have long made clear their position: they are determined, now as before, to continue the fight until the US aggressors have quitted and the puppets toppled, until genuine independence, freedom and peace are won back. This determination cannot be shaken by any manoeuvre of the aggressors, be it "Vietnamization" or "Americanisation".

TRUONG VAN XE

CRIMINALS CANNOT GET AWAY

THE shock and indignation caused among the world public by the Son My massacre have not abated when the US aggressors conducted another mass killing in South Viet Nam of no less seriousness.

According to a statement issued on January 1, by the South Viet Nam Committee to Denounce US-Puppets' War Crimes, the enemy recently murdered over 700 civilians mostly old people, children and women in Thang Binh and Que Son districts, Quang Nam province. The raiders also incinerated more than one thousand houses, destroyed thousands of hectares of crops, shot dead large numbers of cattle, and heavily looted the areas.

The latest mass slaughter came as another evidence of the sanguinary nature of Nixon and Co., and of their criminal policy of war in South Viet Nam.

To justify the Son My massacre, which has been condemned by the world public, Nixon glibly described it as an "isolated incident" by "a few soldiers who went beserk." But he was challenged immediately by ex-GI James Weeks who declared at a press conference organized in Paris on December 19 last year by the International Information Centre: "Nixon says there was a massacre, an isolated incident at Son My, of a few soldiers who went beserk. But I hope that what the people get from my experiences is that Son My is not an isolated atrocity. The war in Viet Nam is an atrocity."

The US has perpetrated the internationally-banned crime of genocide, and Nixon, ever since he came to power, had obdurately continued the policy of aggression and neo-colonialism in South Viet Nam, with the "Vietnamization" program meant to drag out the war at the cost of much more Vietnamese blood.

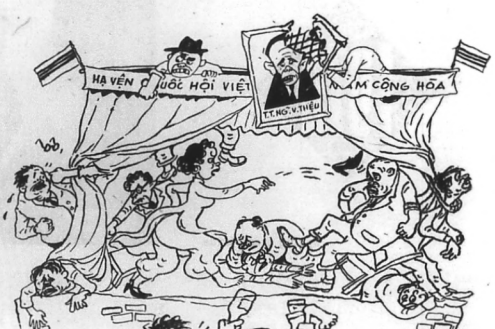
To secure a "position of strength" on the battlefield the Nixon administration has pushed up terror raids, B-52 carpet bombings, and toxic chemical sprays, thus piling up its crimes against the South Vietnamese people. In "pacification" raids last year in the northern part of Quang Nam province alone, the US-puppets shot dead 4,800 persons mostly old people, women and children. Besides, they demolished 12,400 houses, 94 churches or pagodas, took away or killed more than 10,000 cattle and chicken, and laid ruins to over 10,000 hectares of crops and 11 irrigation projects.

In their ruthless war in South Viet Nam, the enemy have also tried to do away with the traditional custom of the people. Terror raids and chemical sprays were conducted even during the festive days of Têt, when, in their millenary tradition, the Vietnamese people get together in family circles to celebrate reunion.

The US aggressors have also used Pak Jung Hi and Thailand mercenaries as an instrument for the repression of the people and the many other towering crimes against the population of South Viet Nam. Pak Jung Hi troops, for instances, have conducted many wholesale murders in the past few years, like in Binh Son, Son Tinh, Binh Dinh, Phu Yen, etc. and also in the latest Thang Binh and Que Son cases.

The Thang Binh and Que Son mass murders, together with many other similar atrocities across South Viet Nam, are part of a criminal plan of the US aggressors to carry out their aggression. They are not isolated cases. They are daily practice.

The Nixon administration will not get away with their latest crime. The American people and other peoples in the world will make them pay dear for it.



A familiar scene at the so-called "National Assembly" of the US-created "Republic of Viet Nam".

Another US-puppet bloody crime:

THE THANG BINH-QUE SON MASSACRE

(Statement of the Committee for Denounciation of the US imperialists and their henchmen's crimes in South Viet Nam)

While indignant public opinion in the world and in the US was still under the shock produced by the revelation of the Son My and other atrocities in South Viet Nam, the US aggressors have committed fresh mass-murders here.

From November 11 to 16, 1969, they deployed 8 infantry battalions (including 6 of puppet and 2 of Pak Jung Hi troops), 350 pacification agents, 4 armoured regiments with 92 vehicles of all denominations, more than 50 guns, hundreds of aircraft under the command of many US officers, in an "accelerated pacification" sweep, codenamed "Sea Tiger" against 12 villages of Thang Binh district and 5 villages of Que Son, Quang Nam province.

Violent air and artillery bombardments preceded the action, in which the soldiery waded through blood. In only one day, November 11, 1969, they slaughtered 349 people, mostly children and women, in Lac Cau market, Bau Binh Thuong, Bau Binh Ha, Duy An, Ha Tay hamlets of Binh Duong village. In the first hamlet, they herded 75 civilians in Trang Cat and exterminated them with Claymore mines. Only a 3 month-old baby survived, protected by the bodies of his mother and other victims. In the second and third, they mowed down 39 people in Mr Tho's shelter and 15 others in Mr Phung's underground refuge. Many families in Bau Binh Ha, Duy An and Ha Tay were massacred to the last man.

In two days, November 11 and 12, 1969, they killed 134 people in Binh Giang village, 125 in Binh Trieu village and 86 in Binh Hoa village. In Ha Binh hamlet (Binh Dao village) 7 fishermen just back from work were marched off to Binh Tinh post, where they were lined up and shot dead. Mr Pho, 70, of Phu Hoa hamlet (Binh Hoa village) was put to the torture, and strangled to death. Mrs Hoa, a 25-year old woman of Binh Tuy hamlet (Binh Giang village) was beaten to death and her body was afterwards pelted with bullets. Mrs Do Thi Mich, 59, and Mr Nguyen Thoan, 57, were cut down at the entrance of a shelter. Two 17-year old boys were savagely tortured and finished with three bursts of machine gun fire each. None of Mr Su's family of 10 including 7 children under 14 of Phu Son hamlet (Binh Hoa village) escaped from the slaughter. An octogenarian woman, Mrs To Thi Chin of Hien Luong Hamlet (Binh Hoa village) was crushed by an armoured car.

According to still incomplete initial reports, in only two days, November 11 and 12, 1969, more than 700 civilians of 5 villages, Binh Duong, Binh Giang, Binh Trieu, Binh Hoa and Binh Dao, were butchered. Over 1,000 houses were burned down, thousands of hectares of crops devastated, more than 100 head of cattle, 2,000 pigs and countless fowls killed, a great amount of rice and other property looted or set on fire. Bull-dozers levelled to the ground Bau Binh Thuong, Bau Binh Ha, Duy An and Ha Tay hamlets (Binh Duong village). In addition, thousands of other villagers were impounded in camps or taken to unknown destinations.

The above-described carnage, added to other previous ones, supplies a further proof that genocide and mass slayings of civilians are a systematic policy and routine procedure of the US aggressors and theirs agents in South Viet Nam.

It should be recalled that this was not the first massacre of defenceless people in Quang Nam. There had been those of 130 people in Chau Son, Nam Le (Hoa Vang district), in August 1965, of about 200 people in Dien Ban in January, 1967, of 734 people in Dien Ban, Duy Xuyen and Hoi An in February and March 1968, of 100 people with aerial bombing in Tam Hoa village, Da Nang, on October 29, 1968, of 476 in some villages of Thang Binh, Tam Ky, Que Son districts from November 7 to 17 1968, of 200 people in the Ti Se area, Phuoc Son district from January 15 to 27, 1969, of 111 people in Thang Binh district from March 31 to April 4, 1969, of 301 people in Loc Phuoc and Loc Hoa villages (Dai Loc district) from May 9 to 12, 1969, of 145 people in Binh Duong and Binh Phu villages (Thang Binh district) from April 25 to May 13, 1969, of 300 people east of Thang Binh district from April 24 to May 23, 1969.

That such a small area as that of the Dai Loc, Hoa Vang, Dien Ban, Duy Xuyen, Thang Binh, Tam Ky, and Que Son districts of Quang Nam province has been the scene of so many saturnalia of slaying easily disposes of US President Nixon's claim that Son My was only an isolated case and the US administration's assertion that US troops were in South Viet Nam to "defend freedom" and "the right to self-determination" of the South Vietnamese. The same sickening fact also spells out that the concomitant horrors of US aggression are not likely to end as long as the latter goes on. Indubitably, only when US aggression is terminated and all US and satellite soldiery withdrawn from South Viet Nam, can such atrocities come to a stop.

It should also be pointed out that the Pak Jung Hi mercenaries are the most vicious thugs in US pay, responsible for innumerable wholesale murders of South Vietnamese: extermination of nearly 1,000 civilians in Binh Son and Son Tinh districts, Quang Ngai province, with the help of US Marines from November 19, to December 6, 1966, that of 159 people in the area of Cu Mong Pass, Phu Yen province on January 24, 1967, also with the help of 4,000 GIs, that of 734 people north of Quang Nam in February and March 1968. With the November 11-17, 1969 crime added to the long list of their fiendish barbarities, not a shred of credence can ever be given to denials of these.

The Committee for Denunciation of the US imperialists and their Henchmen's Crimes in South Viet Nam denounces with force the November 11-16 1969 Thang Binh — Que Son massacre and other similar devilries of the US aggressors and their hirelings like the Pak Jung Hi and other mercenaries.

The Committee for Denunciation of the US Imperialists and their Henchmen's Crimes in South Viet Nam appeals to peace- and justice-loving peoples and governments, all international democratic organizations, all personalities, intellectuals and lawyers in the world for vehement protests and appropriate steps to prevent recurrence of atrocities by the US aggressors and their hirelings and for increased support and assistance to the South Vietnamese people's just struggle for independence and freedom.

US and US confederates intensified cruelties will only proportionately stiffen the South Vietnamese people's resolve to fight to a finish.

South Viet Nam, January 19, 1970

US bombings and shellings force countless South Vietnamese children to lead a homeless life beside heaps of rubble.

South Vietnamese women denounce to condemn the US imperialists' killing of civilian people in Son My.

What are the defoliating agents?

A JOB WHICH COMES IN THE NICK OF TIME

According to US sources, the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences has just set up an outfit to investigate the effects of the defoliating agents used by the Americans in South Viet Nam and a resolution has been passed by the Association to be handed to President Nixon, demanding an end to the use of such products. Thus, for the first time a systematic enquiry is openly made by a scientific institution, although in various occasions over the past ten years data have been slipped out from secret reports which tell tales about the ghastly consequences of these "harmless" products — the defoliating agents and the weed-killers.

THE SO-CALLED DEFOLIATING AGENTS

The initial spraying of these so-called harmless products in 961 went virtually unnoticed. Each time protests were raised, the American officials tried to calm them, saying that the 2, 4, 5-T's and 2, 4-P's were used on a large scale in agriculture throughout the world.

This is a bluff American style.

Back in 1967, at the Bertrand Russell Tribunal, Professor Minkowsky warned world opinion against this hypocrisy: "Defoliation", he said, "is an euphemism for destruction of the vegetation..." "The use of chemical weapons", he went on, "risks provoking unforeseable biological reactions in a near future". This has been confirmed by facts whose consequences have gone beyond Minskowsky's warnings.

As a matter of fact, according to the US official version, the defoliating agents have been used against the wooded areas along the highways and strategic roads in an attempt to deny the "V.C." a natural cover and protect the Americans against ambushes.

But apart from this military objective, defoliation aims at another objective, hidden and unavouable because inhumane, illegal and criminal: the deliberate and systematic destruction of crops, food-crops in order to "interdict supplies to the V.C."

Hence the intensive, repeated and large-scale use of defoliating agents in high doses. Up to date, after a communique of the South Viet Nam Committee for Denunciation of the War Crimes of the American imperialists, almost all provinces in South Viet Nam have been sprayed with chemical products on various occasions. The operation goes into such a high year that, according to the Business Week magazine of April 1967, military requirements in 2, 4, 5-T quadrupled the production of the American industry! In fact, the Pentagon announced in 1967 the buying of 60 million dollars of defoliating agents and weed-killers, that is enough to cover 3,6 million acres (about 1.5 million hectares) — roughly "half of the arable land in South Viet Nam" (quoted by Seymour Hersh in his "Chemical and Bacteriological War).

As these products have been used in high doses and many times for years on end, the effect has been rapidly felt on the crops. A summary enquiry made by the NFL has led to the following conclusions:

—75 per cent of rice plants have been destroyed, the remainder has seen their yield decreased by 60 per cent.

— From 90 to 100 per cent of sweet potatoes and vegetables have been wrecked.

— The majority of fruit-trees have died.

Have been also affected animals and poultry and also fish, which have died in great quantity. Man too has not been spared. Mortal cases have been recorded here and there. According to a communique of the above-mentioned South Viet Nam Committee, during the first ten months of Nixon's advent to power, 285,000 people have been poisoned among them 500 died, for the most part children and old folks, and more than 905,000 hectares of plantations damaged.

LIKE THALIDOMID!

That is not all. The above-mentioned damage is tangible and easily checked. And the Americans are the first to realize it, fore more than once chemical products have been sprayed "by mistake" on "strategic hamlets" which have naturally suffered. A correspondent of scripps Howard, James Lucas, revealed in April 1964 one "mistake" which withered all the rice fields of Cha La township.

Worse still, a few years ago, reports from South Viet Nam disclosed an unusual increase of abnormal new-borns and monsters. Alarmed, the scientists have inquired into the matter and held responsible the defoliating agents. Under the title of "US Chemical weapons like Thalidomid", the Sunday Times of November 30, 1969 made public a secret report according to which laboratory tests had been made on pregnant rats to study the effect of the 2, 4, 5-T. And the results were edifying: congenital malformations were noted. Exactly like Thalidomid. And, after Prof. Pleiffer, a well known American biologist, man is still more sensitive than rats!

BEWARE THE FUTURE GENERATIONS!

However, those are not the only effects of the "harmless defoliating agents".

A study of the Institute of American research has warned that the use of chemical products in South Viet Nam risks turning "the fertile soil of South Viet Nam into laterite, unfit for tilling". Several scientists have expressed the view that these "defoliating agents" and "weed-killers" apart from causing immediate damage to the population and resources of the stricken areas, bring about changes in the ecology which irremediably affect a whole area. And Prof. Arthur W. Galston has exclaimed: "We are still unaware of the interaction of forces in ecologic problems to realize the impact and duration of the changes brought to ecology by the use on a large-scale of weed-killers in Viet Nam. These changes can entail serious and lasting damage to the soil and tilling, making it difficult the restoration of South Viet Nam following the damage caused by the war".

HO MAI BAC

A South Viet Nam "Liberation Studio" Documentary

Long An Women Gunners

THE film begins with close ups of nice young women, who are however valiant gunners ready for action.

It shows then US monstruous crimes committed in the war of aggression on South Viet Nam.

The women are burning with anger and hatred for their own homes and villages are savagely bombed and shelled by the enemy.

South Vietnamese women stand in the van of the patriotic war against American aggression. A "long haired army", they put up a fierce face-to-face political confrontation, help carry supplies to the front, organize militia and self-defence units to defend their hamlets and their streets. They distinguish themselves by heroic exploits, striking at the enemy in their very dens. Women units of the People's Liberation Army, even artillery ones, come into being throughout South Viet Nam.

The documentory film features Long An a province on the South West of Saigon, crossed by the important strategic Highway N° 4 linking the capital to the Mekong delta. In the historic Spring of 1968, a unit of women gunners was formed there during the people's Tet offensives. We see them fighting shoulder to shoulder with men.

We also see them in their everyday life, busy sewing, embroidering, husking rice, and doing other home chores. They are described with their traditional virtues — hard working, patience, sweetness, revolutionary optimism—as in other films: "Cu Chi guerrillas", "Rice in the front line belt"...

The film is a vivid document helping in to better understand the land and men of South Viet Nam who hold the world's attention.

The cameramen went with the Long An women gunners as far as the enemy controlled area. We see how the combatants are cordially welcomed by the population, in particular by elderly ladies.

In the US-puppet controlled areas, these intelligent and courageous women combatants are part of the people which feeds them with the fruits of its fields and orchards.

In the film, we see them pour on enemy bases a heavy rain on steel and fire. They live up to this mention awarded to the Long An province:

"Long An, land of constancy, gallantry and staunchness."

The film ends with shots showing the unit of women gunners on their way to new actions. Their faces are bright with pride and faith.

It gives a glimpse of the legitimate and heroic struggle of the South Vietnamese people for independence and freedom.

In Blazing Saigon

★ ★

Editor's note—*Company 7, Binh Gia Unit, has just been cited by the* SVNR *Provisional Revolutionary Government as a "Heroic Unit". One of the oldest main forces unit in Eastern Nam Bo, its officers and men have always upheld the "Determination to Fight and to Win" spirit. In the eight years of hard fighting they have gone by President Ho Chi Minh's teaching: "nothing is more precious than independence and freedom." In this period they have killed or wounded over 4,000 enemy troops, wiping out 18 companies—ten of them American—29 platoons-thirteen of them US—and a number of puppet regimental officers. They have also destroyed 60 tanks or armoured troops carriers, and captured over 300 weapons of various kinds.*

Following is an account of one of the attacks by the anti-tank group in the first days of the generalized offensives and widespread uprisings in South Viet Nam.

"WELL, Brother Ba. Tell us concretely what each of us has to do."

Big Ba, the Commander of the Saigon front, seemed to be cheered by the question. In fact, he was thinking hard about the case of company 7, whose officers, young men fresh from the school, like Tan and Ty, were cock-sure of their unit's ability do a big job to mark President Ho's birthday.

Indeed, since its founding, company 7 had been sweeping through the Eastern Nam Bo battlefront like a whirlwind. Many of the young men who left their home villages in the Plain of Reeds, or Long An, Rach Gia, or Ben Tre provinces way back in the days of "Concerted Uprisings," and become seasoned officers.

Immediately after the launching of the «Grimson Bayonet» movement, the company brilliantly to the lead and one of the first men of the drive was Hoang Minh Cau. It was on December 17, 1967, when the company was intercepting an enemy battalion. Hoang Minh Cau battered the enemy's flank with machine gunfire, drawing to himself part of the enemy's massive fire power. Cau was seriously wounded in his right arm, but he stayed with his friends by the machine - gun, until the flight of the enemy. By now, most of the men in the company had become, like Hoang Minh Cau, "Valiant Combatants".

There was every reason for Big Ba to opt for company 7. He had the full belief that the battle tested fighters would be able to fight a sustained action in Saigon where the enemy had greatly strengthened their defences following the nightmare that came with the massive PLAF Tet offensives.

Pointing at one of the arrows drawn in red crayon on the big field map, he looked at the young men around him, and, after a dramatic pause, he said:

"The Saigon Front Command has decided to send company 7 to the 6th Precinct to set up an enclave there till further orders."

"The lucky guys!" some one mused enviously.

Hardly had the briefing ended when company 7 set out for the villages clustering around the big city.

The mid-summer heat did not slacken the men's pace. In the sky over the city's outskirts, sporadically lit up by parachute flares, enemy armed gunships and heavy cargo planes could be seen flying in continuous streams.

Hang, the company commander, famous for his nimbleness and matchless marksmanship, did not seem to be pleased with the speed.

"Hurry up! Hurry up! Boys!" he said from time to time, and even sent the anti-tank group ahead to join the scout squad. Thang, the man in charge of the tank-buster, had just been assigned to the company, and had never taken part in any street fighting. Excited by the anticipation of the battle, he did not mind the gun on his shoulder. He had even wanted to carry the shells for his breathless assistant to enable the latter to keep pace with him, but the latter had objected.

Dawn was breaking when company 7 entered the 6th Precinct. The men serving the tank-buster were posted at Su Van Hanh Street.

The enemy did not delay in coming. Five B. 57s violently bombed the street and the nearby An Quang Pagoda. House after house collapsed. Chips of bricks and tiles, and shrapnels flew about. Great columns of smoke and dust shot up into the sky where they lingered for a long time. Big tongues of flames licked at the sooty-faced fighters. Meanwhile, in three prongs, 15 tanks roared into the sector. Behind them, puppet commandos and paratroopers took up position among the ruins.

In the barricade built in a haste in a half-demolished three-story house, Thang, out of sheer habit, was mentally reviewing the situation. His 5-man group, with an anti-tank gun and two automatic rifles, had to cover the flank of a platoon now fanning out to link up with the rest of the company. And he looked at the other men. There were Ha and Say, very young but already very familiar with automatic rifles. There were Hung and Hoanh, ammo suppliers, both sturdy and brave.

Ha and Say were posted in such a manner that they could command the whole area exposed to enemy infantry, while the rest of the group, moving behind the screen of smoke, closed in upon the advancing tanks.

In combat formation, the armoured vehicles progressed truculently. When they were almost at arm's length, Thang opend fire, not at the first, but at the second in the line. The second shot Thang let off at the one in the van.

"Well done," his assistant exclaimed admiringly.

The rest of the armour force beat retreat. Thang leapt forward and placed himself behind one of the vehicles he had wrecked. Just at that moment, Ha and Say started blazing away at the commandos and paratroopers, driving them out into the open. Taking advantage of the situation, Thang fired three times at the enemy troops, just before they could about-turn and take cover behind the tanks.

A two-story house on the left caught Thang's attention. "This will be an ideal emplacement," he thought.

So, in a sprint, he and the two assistants covered the distance between them and the house. Once in it Thang was overwhelmed by disappointment. The roof had caved in. From the ground-floor, he could see a patch of blue sky through the half-destroyed ceiling. Upstrairs, one could command the whole street. "But will the cracked floor stand the impact of repeated explosions?" Thang asked his comrades.

The temptation, however, was too great. So the three men gingerly climbed the creaking stairs.

Down in the street the tanks showed up again.

"Hey, boys! Be careful! The house may come down any moment," Thang cautioned the two other men. He fired four times, and after each shot, a fire broke out in the street.

A bomb crashed near the house. Taang was knocked out. The two other fighters rushed to their leader and together, carried him downstairs. Suddenly an armed helicopter whirred in. The house was obliterated by its rockets.

When he finally came to, Hoanh found Thang and Hung lying motionless beside him. Hung was dead. Thang was still breathing, but very feebly.

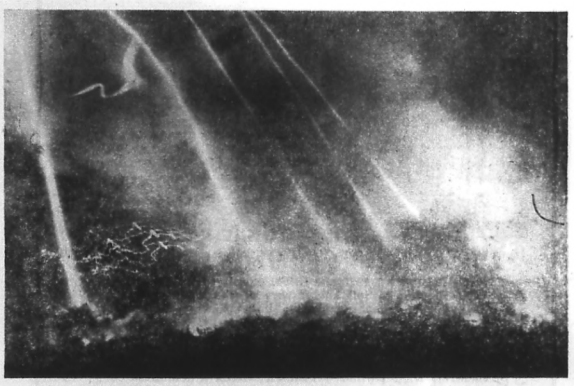
Two figures loomed up behind a heap of broken bricks.

"Who's there?" Hoanh challenged.

The new-comers turned out to be Ha and Say.

"How about going?" they queried.

"No. Thang's gone out, and Hung's killed. The tank-buster is somewhere among the rubble. We must stay."



US air-base in Da Nang set in flames by the PLAF artillery

"Give me a gun," Thang said suddenly, coming out of the stupor.

A sound helicopter turned up.

"Viet Cong soldiers! Throw in your lots with the right cause," the loudspeakers blared.

"The sonofabitch" Say cursed, and raised his gun skywards.

"Don't" Thang dissuaded the outraged fighter, pointing at a group of enemy troops advancing slowly behind eight tanks.

Thang winked his eyes at the other fighters and put up two fingers. Hoanh, Ha and Say nodded knowingly.

Now the enemy troops detached themselves from the tanks and dashed up, firing at random.

The four PLAF men opened up simultaneously, at a distance of some twenty metres. Many enemy were cut down.

"They use small arms fire" the puppet officer warned his men.

Thang aimed at his chest and pressed the trigger.

The puppet officer lurched forward and fell on his face.

The enemy concentrated whatever fire power they had on the PLAF fighters—small arms fire from the infantry, cannon fire from the tanks, and machine gunfire from helicopters overhead.

Thang was seeking to move to a better position when a searing pain gripped his right arm. The gun he was holding fell on the ground.

«It doesn't matter,» he assured his men. And he told himfelf, «Yes, it doesn't matter very much. There're still the grenades.»

The fight raged into the evening. The four Liberation fighters, exhausted as they were, stood their ground, till reinforcements arrived.

NGUYEN THI LE

WARM GREETINGS TO THE VIET NAM WORKERS' PARTY ON ITS 40th BIRTHDAY!

On February 3 1970, the DRVN people will celebrate with enthusiasm the fortieth anniversary of the foundation of the VWP of which President Ho Chi Minh, the beloved, venerated leader of the entire Viet Nam people, is the founder, educator and leader.

The South Vietnamese people, on this occasion, send to their Northern compatriots their most cordial greetings. We sincerely wish that our seventeen million Kinh and Hoa compatriots in the North, under the leadership of the VWP and the DRVN Government, will achieve many brilliant successes in socialist building and together with their Southern countrymen, win total victory over the US aggressors.

May the VWP brilliantly achieve its sacred cause.

editorial

TET OF TRIUMPH

TET is forthcoming. From time immemorial, it has more than once been an occasion for celebration. It is the time for seeds to sprout, for trees to bud, for nature to renew and for men to reach up to his full proportions and achieve outstanding deeds. It is no accident that our forefathers were wont to choose this propitious time of year to set out on journeys and to launch military offensives whose outcome seldom disappointed their hopes. In the middle of the 18th century, when the US had barely attained nationhood, Kng Quang Trung picked out Tet as D. Day against the Ch'ing aggressor army, half a million strong, and fought it off to preserve the country's independence and freedom and reunify the land, from South to North.

In the course of the current patriotic resistance against US aggression the tradition has been continued with electrifying feats. At Tet of the year of the Monkey (Mau Than — 1968) waves of onsets the PLAF accompanied by popular uprisings were unleashed against series of nerve centres and sanctuaries of the enemy whose two-prong strategy, the "search and destroy" and the "pacification" came to a humiliating flop, in spite of all his stringent security measures against the imminent onslaughts. Again at Tet of the year of the Cock (Ky Dau — 1969) while their wounds were still smarting, while their weapons were poised for counter-attaks on every battleground the aggressors and their confederates were struck at most devastatingly and Westmoreland's successor General Abrams saw his "clear and hold" strategy go up in smoke.

FOR the last two years, each Tet has been heralded in with dramatic offensives followed by rains of blows spread over the whole year. The gun salvoes which greeted in the year of the Monkey continued to rumble throughout the year whereas those which welcomed the year of the Cock and tolled the knell for Mr Johnson's unmourned exit went on disturbing the sleep of the bosses of the White House and the Pentagon in their dream of "Vietnamizing" the war, and interfering with their attempt to revamp the deliquescent puppet army and the wobbling Saigon regime, defying the intensified B.52 bombings, stepped up sprayings of toxic chemicals and multiplied sweeps. The deluge of iron, explosive and synthetic poisons, meant to blot out all manifestations of life in South Viet Nam had not brought the expected results to the desperation, deeper than his predecessors', of Mr Nixon. In this tiny martyr land of ours, where most of the luxuriant countryside had been turned into lunar landscape, where many places bore the traces of horrendous atrocities of the GIs, native and foreign mercenaries, life went on throbbing irrepressibly, and the desperate effort to "change the colour of the corpses" did not prevent the US battle toll from rising. The Ba Lang An, Son My, Thu Duc, Thang Binh, Kong H' Rinh and other massacres added an indelebile blemish on US image in the world at large. At home the US president's troubles arising out of the aggressive war in South Viet Nam were compounded by popular opposition exacerbated by increased US casualties, rising cost of living, racial unrest, the feeling of guilt born of the disclosure of GI slayings of civilians... With more insistence than ever, in the US as well as abroad, indignant voices were raised for an immediate end to the dirty war the greated casualty of whose continuation will be US honour, and for a prompt withdrawal of all US troops.

Far from being surrender terms, such demands are sensible and legitimate ones of the US progressives and of the world peoples. Compliance with them will lead the US out of the "tunnel with no end in sight", whereas Mr Nixon's "token" cutbacks are only makeshifts to alleviate his accumulating difficulties instead of terminating the war and restoring peace in Viet Nam. They will only court graver disasters which are in store for all measures other than the settlement suggested by the NFL and SVNR PRG and approved of by progressive mankind.

Another Tet, harbinger of auspicious occasions like the 10th founding anniversary of the South Viet Nam National Front for Liberation and the 25th founding anniversary of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam, is coming to the South Vietnamese people and armed forces, genuine fighters for independence and freedom. It will be also a reminder that for eternal spring to return to our land, for Quang Trung's traditional Tet of triumph to be continued and for the memory of beloved President Ho Chi Minh to be honoured, they will have to make fresh efforts and give Tet of the year of the Dog, the first Tet of the '70's, the luster of victory.

SOUTH VIET NAM
IN STRUGGLE

CUBA

The sugar cane-cutting
machete
Of grimmering blue steel
Couched,
The eyes on the mainland
Scowling down
Under the cool and shadowy
sombrero,
Latin America
Bestrides
The boobing islet,
Like an archangel
On the multitudinous sea:
Cuba today,
The Western Hemisphere to-
morrow.

HUONG TRIEU
(Saigon)

HOLDING THE RIFLE FIRMLY!
Placard from the "Tricontinental"

Tết 1970

Happy New Year

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Spring Wedding

The merry songs of the villagers
On the watch night only make my heart lonelier,
Like the solitary traveller who has the full moon for him alone,
But craves for the little lamp at home,
Who has seen mounts and rivers but is homesick for his
little hamlet

Where half of his soul lives.
Oh, those happy days
In undergrounds, feeding on cold
rice and bottled tea,
Cooling my hatred on the icy
earth,
I longed for evening to come and
bring you with my food and
your glittering eyes.
Then we both became fighters
for justice.
I flew to arms and rushed posts in
the wave of simultaneous risings.
And I came back to learn that
you too had gone.

Four years have flown by,
Our strength has grown sturdy like trees in the forest and
firm as rocks in the mountains,
The thumping of our marching troops is rocking the Pentagon,
In the three fourths of the land where our writ runs
On the immenseness of our emancipated soil,
Where to find you my love, on this eve of the new year?
Four years have flown by, and only one sign of life,
A letter scribbled on a strip smeared with the blood of the
girl messenger,
Who in action exhaled her last wishes with the message:
"In the city, she is still full of his thought,
And is marching in the van of every demonstration."
Since then Saigon has grown dearer to my heart,
For her pavements bear the prints of your steps,
For with the voices of her multitude yours is ringing
Protests which shake the earth and sway the sky.
To night, the watchnight, her streets are still wet with blood.
Though under foreign iron heel there can be no spring,
A ripple of joy is sweeping the whole town.
Victory is near, let's don new uniforms to fling into action,
I'll dart into the centre, my grasp firm on my gun,
And intone the "Liberation" hymn,
And unfurl the freedom flag over the city
Whose fame is associated with its prestigious eponym:
Ho Chi Minh.
I'll look for you
In my new uniform
And when the guns are silent,
We shall be wedded
In the triumphant spring, in our home village,
A pair of white doves flapping in unison their wings in the
blue sky.

VIEN PHUONG

A YOUNG GIRL VOLUNTEER ON THE FRONT LINE

"WHAT's this song you're singing all day long?" asked Grandma in her drawling voice.

Nhut stopped and looked up at her. The young girl's heart was overwhelmed with love and pity as she looked at her Grandma's wrinkled face and sunken eyes. She saw the same sorrowful expression as in so many women's faces in this region. Both Nhut's parents had been killed by an American shell. She herself had witnessed countless scenes of arrest, torture, and massacre of innocent civilians at the hands of American and Saigon soldiers. As said Nguyen Van Troi, the hero of South Viet Nam: "So long as the Americans are here, happiness is denied all of us." Her heart seethed with a thirst for revenge.

And so she had joined the revolution, first by becoming a nurse. Now she wanted to join the provincial brigade of Young Volunteers. She had hesitated to tell her Grandma about her decision. Who would look after the old woman after her departure? Who would take her to the shelter when the region was shelled or raided by the Americans? But now she had made up her mind. The general offensive was in full swing. Many young men and women had gone to the front line to join in the fighting. She too must leave. Her fellow-villagers would look after her Grandma; the Revolution would look after her.

Old Mrs Tam's heart sank when her grand-daughter told her about her decision to leave. She wept a great deal, but her own decision was also soon taken: Nhut must go and avenge her parents and her fellow-villagers.

A few days later, the Young Volunteers had a new recruit. Nhut worked as an ammunition and supply carrier. With a heavy lead on her back, she walked nimbly along slippery paddy dykes. She also worked as a stratcher-bearer whenever necessary, day or night, rain or shine. The only thought uppermost in her mind was to contribute her small share to the liberation of her fellow-countrymen. After barely a month, she had been twice elected an outstanding worker, having fulfilled all five targets set in her unit's emulation drive.

One evening, together with her friends T. and D., she found herself in the lead of a long column of supply carriers. The road ahead was infested with enemy patrols, but they were decided to face all dangers. Nhut remembered what she had told her Grandma before leaving: "I'll fulfil whatever task I am entrusted with."

In the darkness they ran into an enemy patrol. T. and D. opened fire while Nhut stood guard in the rear. They were resolved to stop the enemy so that the rest of the column could disperse and escape. The forces in presence were indeed unequal: three young people armed with two AK carbines and a few grenades were facing a numerous party with plenty of automatic weapons.

After ten minutes of fighting, in which they repelled several assaults by the enemy, D. was wounded. Nhut bandaged his wound and took his gun. Her dream had always been to hold a gun and fire it at the enemy: now it's coming true. Five minutes later, T. was hit in his turn. Nhut took over command. What was to be done? she asked herself. Should they withdraw? But what about the rest of the column? Had they had time enough to withdraw to safety with all the goods? Nhut decided to stay and fight. She remembered the pledge she had made before President Ho Chi Minh's portrait the day she joined the Young Volunteers: "Uncle, I'll go and win!" This very evening, before setting out, she had pledged to strive to be worthy of her generation, the Ho Chi Minh generation, the Ap Bac generation.

A burst of gunfire. An enemy soldier tried to sneak up. Nhut felled him with a well-aimed bullet. Others tried, but soon had to retreat. They uttered savage shouts and seemed about to launch an all-out assault. Nhut waited. But none of them turned up. The sound of gunfire subsided, then stopped: the enemy had turned tail.

Only now did Nhut realize that she too was wounded, in the hand. She thought hard while bandaging her wound. The enemy might return with reinforcements. But she could not carry both her wounded mates back to base. What was to be done? Finally she decided to hide them in a thicket and go to seek help from the local people. She knew that wherever the people were, there bases would be found for the revolution!

The following day, T. and D. were carried back to base with their weapons. A proposal was made by Nhut's unit that she be awarded a Liberation medal, first class, and a badge bearing Uncle Ho's effigy.

TRAN LE THANH

Going to the drill-ground

Têt's Attack

"MUMMY, When this reaches you, I'll have accomplished my mission. And don't be sad if I don't come home. Just look for my name on the war memorial."

Lien put down the pen and fed more wood to the fire to keep the pot of rice cakes boiling. The white steam eddying upward from the pot was conducive to reminiscence. "Mother must also be cooking rice cakes at this very moment", she thought aloud.

•

IT was years ago, also on the Eve of Tet, and Lien and her mother were sitting by the fire waiting for the cakes to get done.

"Baby, if you were a boy" her mother said sadly, fondling a wisp of hair hanging loose on her forehead..., I'd let you join the PLAF to avenge Dad."

"Do you think I can't do that?" she looked up at her mother with her black, serious eyes.

"Other girls can but not you." The mother poked at the burning coals. "You aren't tall enough. You don't grow up in size fast enough."

"You'll see what I can do!" Lien got up and went out into the courtyard. The night was dark. She could hear distant gunfire.

A few days later, Lien went with Uncle Tu to the liberated zone. Her mother did not cry as other mothers were wont to on similar occasions.

"Listen, baby. Mum knows you're impulsive. So don't be rash," she advised.

Lien rested her head on her mother's bosom and looked upwards at the face of the old woman.

"Well, didn't you tell me that as I was born at night-time I can defy even death?" Lien asked teasingly while playing with the checkered kerchief of her mother.

All these hard years, during which she had taken part in many a political demonstrations or had gone out on many dangerous missions as a liaison agent, did not improve her character very much. Once she went into the jungles to fetch "Cu mai" (edible, bulb-like roots of a wild plant — Ed.) To get the roots whole, one has to dig very carefully and deep into the ground, but Lien lacked the patience to do it properly. Whole roots or no whole roots, she dug furiously, and took whatever she could find.

"Look at the stuff she'd brought us," the men exclaimed jokingly. "If you had a gun you'd fire it even before you load it."

•

Lien tossed in her bed but could not sleep. How she missed her mother!

The pot kept boiling, spilling water on the hot coals, making them hiss drowsily.

She got up, went to the table, and picked up the pen.

"Mummy, what I just said was just for fun," she added to the letter "The bullet with its billet for me hasn't been fired yet. Wait for me, I'll come home one day. And please put aside some cakes for me."

"The boy who'll receive your letter must be a very lucky guy," said a chubby young fighter who had just entered the house. Another young man followed suit.

"Don't be silly," Lien answered, trying to look stern.

The two men were not easily put off. They tried to snatch the letter from her.

"Shun!" The two men clicked their heels.

"You are not supposed to read your officer's personal papers. Get it?" Lien went on.

Her sternness did not last long. Finally, she showed the two men the letter, which they read with boyish pleasure, for it showed their CO in a new light.

•

AT two o'clock in the morning, the signal was given. Shock groups rushed ahead. The main body of the PLAF stormed Bien Hoa airbase and, with satchel charges, grenades, automatic rifles, and bazookas, destroyed hundreds of aircraft and armoured vehicles. Two enemy brigades were wiped out.

A quarter of an hour later, enemy reinforcements arrived in great numbers. The main body of the PLAF withdrew with Lien's unit covering the rear.

For five days, Lien and her men cut across the country with the enemy hot on their heels. The ammo stock dwindled fast, so did the food supply. They spent the chilly nights in cat's naps in the open.

Lien did not sleep. She went about among the young fighters, tucking their blankets under them. She stopped by Dung, the youngest in the unit.

She had met him about a year ago. A rainy afternoon, a young woman came to her, towing along a boy early in his teens. "Miss," the woman said.

"Take care of my child. His father's dead." This said, the woman wiped off her tears, and went away.

The boy took to her immediately. He would address her in the familiar vocative "Chi Hai" (Elder Sister), and at night, would have his hammock hung up close to her's. "How I missed you!" he would exclaim with obvious pleasure each time she came back from a mission.

And now they were alone behind the enemy line. The fix they were in reminded Lien of another—her first experience with the "refugees" from North Viet Nam.

She was working in a village inhabited by catholics who had come from the North after the signing of the Geneva Agreements. Rumour had it that these people were very wicked, that they would hunt down any Southerner who happened to be on their way.

Perplexed, she went to Duong Nam, a veteran underground revolutionary, and asked him whether that was true.

"My girl," the old man said. "I don't like to be in the shoes of any one trying to approach these people".

After a sleepless night, Lien got up very early and went to work in a field bordering on the plot of an old "refugee". Against all expectation, the old man was very civil to her. This dispelled her fear and mistrust.

The next day, she went to the same place, taking along a kettle of green tea. At midday, Lien offered her new acquaintance some tea, which greatly delighted him. That was how the last ice was broken.

One day, the old man invited Lien to his home in the village, where she was introduced to the neighbours. Before long, Lien was accepted among the "refugees".

The memory filled Lien with new confidence. So she woke the fighters up, and, together, they planned a daring sally.

•

It was the Fourth Day of the Tet when Lien and her unit finally reached the base after breaking through the siege. The local people poured in to see them in a continuous stream.

"Bless my heart! This young lady once spent the night with us", an old woman exclaimed wonderingly.

"And me, I've treated her to coconuts from my garden!" said another.

"We'll, she's a native of this province, isn't she?" decided a third.

"Of course," affirmed a fourth. "Otherwise she'd not know the layout of the base so well."

In fact, Lien's home village was in Thu Dau Mot province. Yet, she did not want to disappoint those people who so eagerly claimed her as one of their own.

HA DUONG

A PLAF Unit preparing to attack the enemy troops

At the approach of Tet, fighters' mothers make rice-cakes to be sent to the front line.

AN UNDERGROUND CLASS

ONE day the editor told me, "You should write an article about the school in A. village. Readers' mail told us it's a truly good school."

And so I decided to pay a visit to A. village. But on my arrival there I felt rather sceptical. The Americans had poured bombs and shells on the whole area. Noxious chemicals had also been used. It was a sad sight: burnt-out houses, heaps of rubble, charred trees...It would be vain to look for a school amid those ruins.

Suddenly, from a branch of a banyan which had been left standing, someone jumped down: a little boy of about 12, who politely greeted me and asked, "Who are you looking for, Uncle?"

"Tell me, where's your school"? I said in reply.

The little boy eyed me up and down. He caught sight of my camera. "Who are you?" he asked, "and why should you want to see our school?"

Anger flashed in his eyes. Pointing a finger at the charred remains of a nearby house, he said, "Here's our school. The Americans bombed it ten days ago burning it down and injuring a dozen of my friends. Fortunately no one was killed. The Americans are devilish ruffians. When I grow up, I'll join the liberation troops and fight them."

I made the boy sit beside me at the foot of the banyan and told him who I was and what business I had trying to visit his school. He told me how hard his parents and those of his friends had worked to build a school, and how happy they were studying there. Pointing his finger at remains of ramparts and trenches, he said, "But without those protective walls and trenches, we should be killed. The Americans were devilishly cruel. First they dropped explosive bombs, then steel-pellet bombs all around, then napalm. Fortunately our trenches started right inside our class-room and they allowed us to escape. Nixon failed!"

He smiled. I noticed that his mouth was awry. Then I saw a small scar under his left ear. It was a steel pellet, from an American bomb, he told me. But the little boy didn't seem to mind. Stroking his scar, he said, "But now we've got a new school."

"Where is it?" I asked.

"Sorry, I can't tell you. Good bye!" And he ran away.

Later, I managed to contact the village people's committee and was authorized to visit the school. Even when I was but twenty yards away from its site, I would be unable to detect it, had it not been for the noise made by the students who were reciting their lesson. The class was held three metres below ground amidst a thick clump of trees. The roof was covered with creepers and could not be detected from the air. Trenches led from inside it to good shelters.

The schoolmistress, a young girl of about 20, had left her native town of T. over a year ago and had received some training. She took me down the steps into the «class-room». The walls were whitewashed and decorated with drawings and slogans. Facing the pupils was a NFL flag, red and blue, with a gold star. The teacher's desk was but an empty old tinned food case left behind by an enemy raiding party. The pupils' desks were even simpler: just a few little tree stems put together, on which the children put their little writing boards. It was a geography class, and I saw a map of Viet Nam, with her S-shaped coastline

"The Americans have bombed the school twice," the teacher told me. "The first time, they killed the old teacher and five children. The second time, several children were wounded, but none was killed." I looked inquiringly at her.

"I was only slightly wounded in the shoulder," she said, "but the wound has healed thanks to the care given me by our medical service." She added in a firm voice: "The Americans will be powerless against us. After they burnt our old school, we built this one underground. It's a bit damp here, but it's a whole lot safer. The pupils' parents can feel at peace. So do the pupils themselves and I, their teacher."

"Do the children study well enough, compared with the former class?"

"They study even better underground. Because they feel safer. No absentees. There is a break for physical exercises in the open. Last term, 95% of the children were judged fit to pass to a higher class."

"And so Nixon's failed!" I said, and smiled at my old friend the little boy, whom I had noticed among the pupils. He smiled happily back, his poor little mouth all awry.

"Yes," said the teacher, "Nixon's failed. It is we who have succeeded."

True, the people of A. village have succeeded in foiling the dark schemes of the American aggressors. In spite of their bombs and shells, the children of A. continue to go to school and are studying ever better.

HOA LE

Liaison agent leading cadres on a mission. On the occasion of the lunar New Year, we wish that our liaison agents will firmly maintain the communication arteries of the Resistance

RECOLLECTIONS ABOUT THE TET 1969 IN PARIS

FOR the thousands of Vietnamese in Paris, it was a Tet like many others. Over the past twenty-odd years, they use to organize a big year-end gathering in which all of them took part, following a tradition deeply rooted in the hearts of these men and women who lived far from their country but were united with their fellow-countrymen in the harsh and victorious struggle against US aggression.

Well, it was a Tet like many others, and, however, when the salvo of crackers ushering the festival broke out, when the two rows of young men and young girls in Giai Phong uniform — with the first proudly holding up a big NFL flag — artistically and rhythmically mounted the stage, and when the stirring accents of the "Storm is rising" echoed in the room, everybody felt in his innermost that is was a Tet unknown in the past, a Tet of victories still vibrating with the rolling fire of the NFL artillerymen and shock units in the heart of Saigon, during these historic days of the Tet "Mau Than" which shook the world.

While outside a heavy snow fell, the vast room of the Mutuality was jammed with spectators coming from everywhere in the Paris area and suburbs, from all corners of France, and beyond her borders, from Belgium, Switzerland, West Germany. It was a great pleasure for them to spend the Tet "at home" in Paris. The festival was particularly honoured to count among the first rows of spectators Minister Xuan Thuy, head of the Viet Nam Democratic Republic delegation at the Paris Conference on Viet Nam, Mr Tran Buu Kiem and Mme Nguyen Thi Binh, head and deputy-head of the NFL delegation at the Conference, many high personalities of the French Peace Movement and various French organisations.

On the walls shone the "Tet Ky Dau" in golden letters on a red background, a "Spring of Fresh Victories", poem by Uncle Ho — inscribed on flowered panels ran along the balconies:

"For independence's and freedom's sake,

"Let us root out the Yankees and topple the puppets,

"Forward! Fighters and fellow-countrymen,

"What a wonderful Spring it is when North and South are reunited!",

Pink peach flowers, typical of the North Vietnamese Tet, golden petals of plum flowers, inseparable of the South Vietnamese Tet, nostalgic and stirring accents of the choir "O, my Fatherland", variegated costumes, aerial dances and epic fights of the renovated play "Thach Sanh, the peasant knight", all of them contributed to give the festival a solemnel but intimate splendour, permeated with a most genuine national spirit. Not only the eyes and the ears but also the palate were catered for. A rich buffet with only Vietnamese dishes offered you delicious "Cha gio" or tasteful "Nem chua", the mere evocation of which made your mouth water.

With deep emotion, we followed the numbers succeeding on the stage, picking out among these young amateur actors, singers and dancers who performed with all their hearts their love for their Fatherland, the traditional virtues of the nation, now a student in Polytechnics, a B.A., a researcher in the National Committee of Scientific Research, now a mother, a pediatric. We were carried away by the performance of Thach Sanh, the legendary peasant hero, masterly rendered by a doctor laureate of the Paris Academy of Medicine.

T. a young woman-nurse told me "It is rather difficult to meet every Sunday for two months in advance to rehearse the choirs, because we come from every corner of Paris, mostly from the suburbs, and it sometimes takes hours on end to wait at the bus stops and metro stations. It is not 'them', the puppets who accept to spend their Sundays like us, for they prefer to take strolls."

"Have "their" students done something, as a matter of fact?"

F. guffawed. "Well, 'they' did like to organize a gathering and to produce at least a choir. But when the boys come to the rehearsals, they run after the girls. No, they cannot do that. They are not like us." We were quite stirred for we realized how much energy, labor, how many sit-ups, white nights such a gathering needed.

P. a young architect turned painter-decorator and machinist (he was always seen in the wings, in blue uniform, directing the rigging up of the decors), was married to a young French girl, like many young Vietnamese. As I intimately inquired about his wife, P. told me tenderly, "J. never complains when I come back late. She knows that I am busy painting the decors with my friends. When our little boy goes asleep, sometimes she joins me and helps me with her best. To enable us to sit up, she cooks us a soup or a coffee". Then he added smiling, "well, she has to decommodate herself with the coming rehabilitation of the country!"

Thus, everybody confied to me his modest contribution to the gathering, but I felt that everybody was conscious that, however small his share, it represented the best of himself, and that all of them united with their fellow-countrymen at home were doing their utmost for the common work: to liberate their country.

This short article does not allow me to speak about all and everything. Let the reader excuses me if I have omitted to mention the most meritorious traits of the artisans of this memorable night, those which eloquently bring out the ardent patriotism of these men and women, boys and girls, compelled to live far from their country during the glorious hours of the epic fight waged by their fellow-countrymen, the Thach Sanh of today, against the Yankee eagle-demon.

With the thin snow of January falling on Paris a new Tet is dawning.

Like every year, the big family of Vietnamese in Paris, in France and neighbouring countries, will meet, with many French and foreign friends, to celebrate this great traditional festival, so clear to every Vietnamese, a festival of the new, of hope, and of certitude in the final victory of the sacred cause of the complete independence for their country.

January 1970

PHAM THANH VAN

Letters from Our Readers

STUEBNER GERD, STUDENT, LENINGRAD — USSR:

"I'm glad to see and hear the own voice of South Viet Nam patriots. "SVNIS" is an important information.

EWA KITECKA, STUDENT, POLAND:

The articles and lay-out are good. Information is very interesting and varied. Your paper enables me to better understand your difficult life and heroic struggle. Thanks to it I made the acquaintance of people who under US bombs, go on working, learning, and struggling, — what is most astonishing, laughing, and dancing under such trying circumstances.

MARGARET VOWLES, UNIVERSITY OF GAMBIA, LUSAKA — GAMBIA:

We would very much like to receive regularly your tabloid SVNIS which is certain to interest both faculty and students here.

LHOIR BUFFE, JEANNE, BELGIUM:

Your paper give us securate information. We makes it read by others,

A.U. HILDEBRANDT, STUDENT, HOLLAND:

The column and lay-out are just good. (Has SVNIS been of any use to you?) *Sure, both information and documentation for me and other people interested in Viet Nam people's struggle. The most interesting to me are statements, proposals and views of qualified people and institutions about political-economical problems concerning South Viet Nam.*

WOLFGANG KMUCHE, STUDENT, WESTERN GERMANY:

I got a number of "SVNIS" and I would be glad to receive it regularly. It's very interesting, especially for daily agitation.

J.E HARRINGTON, BUS DRIVER, NEW ZEALAND:

(Has SVNIS been of any use to you?) *Yes, I distribute to copies each week at my expense on my job to provide the NZL side of the study to fellow work mates some of whom are VN veterans and appreciate this.*

GEORGE ADDISON, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF VMC, CANADA:

The newspaper could be more attractive to Canadians. The October 15 issue on the world anti-war struggle was excellent. We distribute it to students and individuals across Canada.

B.H., BOULDER, COLORADO, USA:

Overall the lay-out is good, the headlines as well as columns of information are particularly good... It has helped me in my understanding of South Vietnamese people and their feelings towards the war and US aggression.

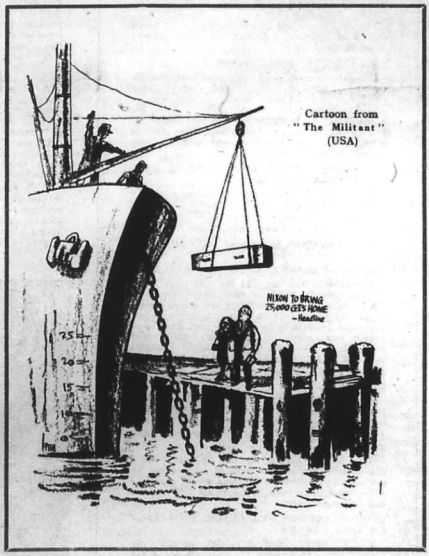
Vietnamese nationals in Paris stage an art show to greet the foundation of the SVNRPRG.

Têt's messages of the humorists to Nixon

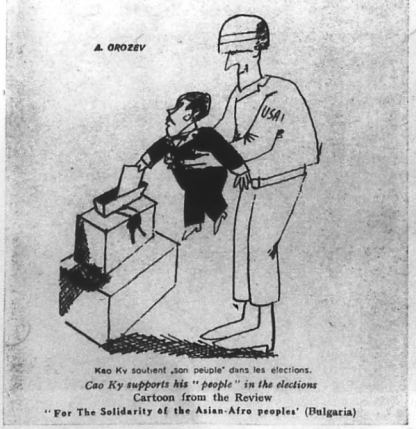
Nixon and the anti-war movement of the American people

Cartoon from
"The Militant" (USA)

No comment
Cartoon from "L'Humanité"
(France)



Cartoon from
"The Militant"
(USA)



Kao Ky soutient „son peuple" dans les élections.
Cao Ky supports his "people" in the elections
Cartoon from the Review
"For The Solidarity of the Asian-Afro peoples' (Bulgaria)

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